Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.
Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.
Falſ. T is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.
Ver. T'were beſt he did.
Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſsible, it can not be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faultes;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily?
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers, We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhal pay for all:
Therefore good Cooſen, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpur.*
Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile ſay tis ſo. Here comes your
Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Weſtmerland*:
Vncle, What newes?
Wor. The King will bid you Battell preſently.
Dowg. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo.
Dowg. Mary and ſhall, and very willingly. *Exit.*
Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter*
Dowg. Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue thrown
A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which can not chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The *Prince of Wales* ſtept foorth before the Kin
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your prayſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſprayſing prayſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,